THE FACE OF ROSENFEL.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MONTAGUE.

Author of "The Strokes of the Bell," "The Romance of the Lillies," "The Point of a Needle," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE PATIENT.

A fixed and changeless expression. A single sentiment in the dark eyes, turning restlessly from one serious face to the other. A single sentiment in the timid trembling of the pale lips, in the expression of the delicate nostrils, in the nervous contraction of the brows that accompany it.

For a mind which betrays itself in a countenance such as this, all the possibilities of existence, all that remains of life and happiness, can be summed up in one terrible word—fear. Henceforth this was all that the infinite world of thought and all the endless pleasure of being could mean to this poor creature. In the midst of the sunshine, the free air, the song of the birds, the whisper of lovers, the voices of friendship, she must continue to live on as unconscious of them all as if her life had been narrowed down to the darkest dungeon of an inquisition.

To deprive a face that beams with intelligence and beauty of the one light that makes it priceless, to blot out in the twinkling of an eye that unmeasured universe that exists in the brain of an individual and leave in its place a solitary candle like this glimmering in the night—what a measureless crime! And such a crime has been committed. Does it add anything to the depth of the infamy or to the burden of the guilt that the poor victim was but 19 and had been struck down in the fullness of health and strength?

The patient sat on the edge of the bed from which she had lately arisen in an alcove chamber opening into a large apartment, furnished like a sitting room. Two grave and interested physicians, one gray haired and advanced in years, the other of middle age, were watching her. There was no evidence that either of these men comprehended anything of the unutterable pathos of the situation. Their problem was purely a physiological one. The moral aspects of the case concerned them only where they aided a diagnosis. The ceaseless, uneasy motion of the poor girl's hands, clasping and unclasping themselves in her lap, the pathetic cry, without an attempt at articulation, that she uttered from time to time, these were the matters that interested them.

"I have observed a very curious thing," the elder physician was saying. "It is possible, of course, that I may be mistaken, but if I am not then this girl possesses a curious power in a remarkable degree."

The younger man repeated the phrase with no little wonder, "A curious power?"

"Yes, a very curious power, I should say, of what, for want of a better term, I will call optical retention. You know what I mean?"

"No."

"I mean the faculty of retaining a scene in the mind after the eyes are closed or the scene removed. We all have it in varying degrees. You mention the writing table at my office, and immediately an image, tolerably distinct, of the size, shape and general appearance of the table rises before my mental vision. I mean simply, if this girl were familiar with the looks of that table and she could be made to understand what I am talking about, she would see the object in question so vividly that it would be to her almost the reality—perhaps, I might say, practically the reality."

The younger physician regarded the speaker in silent wonder.

"You don't take my meaning?"

"Oh, perfectly! My term for it is visualization. What puzzles me is that you should see any evidences of it here. What has she done to show it?"

"Not any one thing so much as everything. I generalize it from a careful observation of her movements."

"Do you call it a symptom?"

"No—that is, I don't know. It may be abnormal, or it may be natural to her in a state of health. I have studied several cases. One, a very young child who could find his way unerringly about a familiar place blindfolded. His family called it instinct, but it was simply a phenomenal power of retaining the picture of the room in his mind, combined with an accurate idea of distance. Unseen by him, I disarranged the furniture, and he lost his head at once."

"Yes, but I didn't suppose an idiot could possess such a faculty."

"Nor I. But is this an idiot?"

"Hum—ha"—The younger physician was altogether too cautious to commit himself, but he fixed upon the pale face of the patient a look of doubt and uncertainty that was plain enough of itself. He shrank as much as did his gray haired colleague from the humiliating confession, "I don't understand the case at all."

The elder physician was certainly in no haste to pronounce a verdict. Called for the purpose of aiding his younger associate to arrive at a definite conclusion as to the nature of the mysterious malady under which the patient suffered, he had as yet refrained from expressing an opinion, and now he spoke in the most guarded and cautious manner:

"It seems to me, Lamar, that the problem in this case narrows itself down to a question as to whether the patient's present condition is due to the blow she is known to have received upon the head or to the purely mental results of the terror caused by the accident."

"Surely," said the younger man, "you do not wish me to understand that you believe it even possible that such a condition should be the result of simple terror or pure mental action of any kind. It seems almost certain to me that there was some structural or functional disorder prior to the accident."

"Very possibly. I did not say to the contrary. Some of her symptoms almost indicate a pressure on the brain, but a long experience in an accident hospital has made me wary of jumping to a conclusion when the symptoms are so vague and unpronounced. I have known such widely different and unexpected mental states to result from the fright incident to a loss of consciousness, under a pressure of excitement, that I am almost ready to attribute any abnormal mental state to the shock or the terror, pure and simple. Last year we had a man who had been thrown from a carriage while his horses were running away. The man completely recovered, but he always persisted in a denial that he had ever gone out to ride. The accident robbed him of his memory, not only of the time after he fainted, but of the time preceding that event by some hours. He never has been and undoubtedly never will be able to recall that time. Three or four years ago I was called to attend a lunatic who had been troubled with a suicidal mania. He had at last succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his keepers and had hung himself. We restored him, and he has been the sanest of sane men since. I have seen a person absolutely an idiot from fright. You have doubtless yourself noted insanity or mania from that cause. In view of these facts I say it is well to think twice before dismissing that hypothesis in a case like this."

The younger man listened attentively, but he did not seem convinced.

"Doubtless terror is a powerful factor—sometimes," he said, "but nevertheless I do not see how it can be all in this case. The patient is not exactly an idiot. I am very sure that in her way she thinks."

The elder physician made no reply, but he laughed quietly.

"I do not mean that she can follow a conscious train of thought, but that there is an unconscious undercurrent, so to speak, which never rises into consciousness. It is the upper surface of the mind only that exhibits itself in intelligence, and in my opinion there is something more than reflex action in the great undercurrent that throws up the little waves, the tops of which only we call reason. This mind is not dead, even though it appears to be."

The elder physician looked both puzzled and amused.

"I am afraid, Lamar," he said, "you read too much Herbert Spencer and are inclined to ignore us plain fellows."

The younger man shrugged his shoulders at this mild sarcasm, and he answered without the least show of sensitiveness:

"At any rate, you would not object to trying an experiment with me?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well. Let us conceal ourselves. I believe that our presence irritates her."

The younger man arose from the chair in which he had been sitting and went into the larger room. The gray haired physician followed him. They retired into the farthest corner and concealed themselves from the patient's view behind a curtained bed, where, by slightly disarranging the drapery, they could easily watch her. Either because their

They could easily watch her.

departure had startled her or because the mysterious forces at work in her disorganized intellect happened to manifest themselves at that moment, she had uttered as they moved that strange, faint, inarticulate cry which was so terrible to the good people who took care of her. The two physicians simply noted it as a curious fact.

After they had disappeared from the range of her vision the girl sat for a long time without any apparent change, save that in lieu of scanning the faces of the physicians her eyes looked with the same dreadful fear into the fire in the open grate. Over and over again, with a persistent monotony that of itself was enough to make the sympathetic observer shudder, this embodiment in motion of the unnatural and unvarying condition of the shattered mind, this alternate clasping and unclasping of the hands, went on. The white palms came together, the fingers intertwined, the palms moved slowly across each other, the fingers lost their hold and wandered nervously, and then the dreary round began again, and so on, ceaselessly and always.

"Is she never still?" the elder physician asked.

"Never wholly so. Nervous motion of some sort is necessary. Nothing but actual interference from without can stop it, even for an instant."

It happened then that an external interference unexpectedly occurred to illustrate the practitioner's statement. A cat, which had been curled up by the fireside, crossed the floor and sprang into the girl's lap. With a repetition of the peculiar cry and a sudden intensification of the dominant expression in her face, the patient started to her feet. The cat jumped down and ran away. The girl gave no heed to his departure. Her gaze was fixed immovably on the spot where she had seen him, and she continued uninterruptedly for several minutes to move her hands as if driving back some palpable object which persisted in remaining in her lap.

"She sees the cat still!" whispered the elder physician. "Just as I thought. The impression produced on the retina by an object that startles her is too vivid to leave her even after its departure. This is a more remarkable retention than I had deemed possible. But there is no evidence that she thinks at all."

"Not as we think. No."

Gradually the repulsing motion of the hands gave place to the old nervous clasping and unclasping. The time came when the poor creature seemed to forget the special terror caused by the cat in the general dread with which all things seemed to inspire her. But she still continued to stand.

"Think!" murmured the elder physician. "Why, she doesn't even know enough to sit down when she is tired."

In truth, at that moment the girl began to sway violently, and had not the foremost physician gone promptly to her assistance she would have fallen.

"Her limbs are too weak to stand so long," said the younger man. "But don't put her to bed yet. I want to try an experiment."

"Of what nature?"

"Simply to see what effect music will have. I have known downright idiots, who responded to scarce another provocation than the sight of food, to have their interest visibly aroused by the sound of a musical instrument. Miss Maxey will favor us with a few selections. I'll speak to her."

He rapped at the door of an adjoining chamber and exchanged a few words with the person who responded. In a few minutes a pretty young lady with black eyebrows and a damask color in her cheeks had taken her seat at the piano. The two physicians had retired to their former position behind the bed curtains, and the patient, as before, sat on the edge of her bed.

"What shall I play?" the young lady asked.

"Something loud and energetic."

There was a rustling of leaves, and then the drastic opening chords of a Liszt rhapsody made the vases shiver on the mantel. The sounds startled the patient as a blow might have done. The dark eyes seemed to grow darker, the pale lips quivered more perceptibly with the utterance of that plaintive cry, the pitiful all that was left to her of voice and speech. But she seemed to realize the origin of her fright. Her glance went immediately in the direction of the piano and remained there, fascinated, as if she momentarily expected an unknown horror to rise up out of the cheerful red cover which adorned the case of the instrument. Never for an instant was the forlorn monotony of the moving hands interrupted. Nevertheless the younger physician seemed satisfied.

"We've got her attention. Now let us change our humor. No more of that kind, please, Miss Maxey. Something quieter and more soothing."

Miss Maxey chose a volume of Beethoven and began a favorite sonata. The clasping hands still moved; the dark eyes still watched for the coming of the unknown horror, but there was a change in the indescribable details that went to make up the dominant expression of the patient's face—slight, gradual, scarcely perceptible except to practiced eyes expecting it—but still a change.

The younger man whispered energetically, "She's listening!"

Slowly, so slowly that it seemed an age to those who hoped to see the end, the clinging fingers forgot to separate themselves and take up new positions; the heretofore incessant motion of the nervous hands became less and less; ceased altogether; the palms rested against each other, quite still.

The younger physician's growing excitement could restrain itself no longer.

"See!" he cried. "She sits quite motionless! It is the first time in days. And there is another means which we have not yet tried. Won't you sing to us, Miss Maxey? Sing us the most tender and pathetic thing you know."

The sound of the piano stopped abruptly. But the patient did not change her attitude. In all the many minutes, while Miss Maxey was searching for the song, she sat, seemingly enthralled, as if she listened still. The men of science felt themselves in the presence of something of which their learning told them nothing. Gradually, as the music went on, she had inclined her head a little to one side in the poise of a listener. So she still remained, now that the instrument was mute. It was hardly the posture of expectancy.

No, it seemed more as though the feeble responses of the mysterious faculty that could rise up in a mind quite blank at the sound of a tender melody had not ceased to vibrate, as if the mournful cadences were still echoing through the vacant chambers whence thought had flown. There was fear in the dark eyes still, but it no longer seemed the sum and substance of her life. In the very midst of her abstraction a sound escaped her lips that caused the listeners to start.

"That was a sigh!" the younger man whispered.

"Ah," murmured his colleague, "so I thought. There may be something in your medicine after all."

Miss Maxey had now made her selection. It was Schubert's wonderful "Ave Maria," a song that has more depth and power of tenderness in it than the soul which feels it can express. Miss Maxey had a sweet voice, and she sang as though the music had a meaning.

Suddenly both physicians uttered a cry and sprang forward.

With a changing face and trembling limbs and reaching outward with her hands, like one groping in the dark, the patient had arisen, had essayed even to walk. The attempt was far beyond her strength. She faltered, swayed, uttered the plaintive cry and fell like lead into the arms of one of the men. She had fainted.

"What a very curious case!" thought the gray haired physician as he took his departure. "It is unlike anything in my experience."

All the way through the city streets which led to the hospital he walked with his head bent down and his brow contracted. He was dissatisfied and undecided.

He had taken leave of the younger man at the door. The practitioner still lingered to advise Miss Maxey.

"It will not do to repeat our experiment of this afternoon too soon again. It would be running too great a risk. It might result in good, but it would be something more likely to result in harm. The medicine is strong, but I have not supreme confidence in it. Be sure she is not disturbed tonight."

"Good advice, Dr. Lamar. Excellent advice. And you have the will of a determined woman to back you, but there is something more potent even than this, and it may not be possible, with the best of care, to do your bidding."

The young doctor turned from the bedside to a contemplation of the serious face beside him. It was natural that his mind should wander from the sick girl to other affairs.

"I have not seen your brother today, Miss Maxey. Where is he?"

Miss Maxey informed him.

Before her answer can be intelligibly recorded it is necessary to go back a little.

CHAPTER II.

A HALT IN THE ROAD.

"You are an artist," said the man on the front seat of the sleigh, turning about that he might talk more easily with the young man who sat beside the pretty girl on the rear seat. "You are an artist. What do you think of the workmanship of this?"

He had taken from an inner pocket a small leather case, which he now passed to his companion. When the young man had brought to light the contents, he held in his hand a medallion, set in a jeweled frame—a medallion upon the convex surface of which was graven the attractive features of a handsome woman. The work was so delicate, the sitting so rich, the effect of the whole so exquisite that the artist involuntarily uttered a cry of pleasure.

"Why, this is really admirable, Lamar! Who is it? Where did you get it?"

The man on the front seat answered in a voice as cold and unemotional as a voice could well be:

"Inasmuch as this is the woman whom I am to marry, I thought a tolerably fair counterfeit of her face would be interesting to my friends."

The pretty girl, who had been admiring the dainty valuable, became, as he spoke, somewhat pale.

"Oh," she said in a constrained, conventional way, "this is Mrs. Forsythe?"

"Mrs. Forsythe," assented the man on the front seat.

"She is very pretty," said the girl in the same tone.

As she spoke she put the medallion quickly into the hand of the young man who sat beside her and averted her head.

"Another choice," exclaimed the man on the front seat in a brisker tone, glancing at a fork in the white road which the fleet horses were rapidly approaching. "Shall we take the inland road direct or go by the roundabout sea road? We shall see more life by the first way, but we shall have better sleighing and plenty of cold wind by the second. Which shall it be?"

"Which shall it be, Ellen?" repeated the young man to the pretty girl.

"It makes no difference to me."

"Then let us have the sea road and the sleighing. We are in no hurry, and a little cold won't hurt us."

"Jacta est alea. The sea road it shall be."

The sleighing party was now within eight miles of the city, the location of which was marked by a vague glow in the wintry sky. Gradually the laughter had ceased and words had become infrequent. The bells on the horses jingled merrily as ever, and the rapid hoof beats on the hard crust came to the ear through the biting air in the same inspiriting pulsations, but for all that it was cold riding after sundown along the sea road, with the bitter breath from the darkening ocean full in the face.

Every moment the fences and hedgerows were becoming more indistinct, and the dreary white landscape between the observers and the fading streak in the horizon, where the sun had lately been, was rapidly losing all significance or intelligibility as a prospect. Truly Dr. Eustace Lamar had forgotten the flight of time in his enjoyment of the exhilarating sport, or he had sadly miscalculated the distance. Not that there was anything to be dreaded in the ordinary course of events of a ride in the pale starlight or under the mellow rays of the moon. The road was a good one, and very soon it would be well lighted. And if the three pleasure seekers were a trifle cold they could console themselves with the comforting reflection that there was a cheerful fire waiting for them in the agreeable sitting room of the uppermost flat at 20 Ballavoine place. It was not an elaborate affair, this abode of Julian Maxey, the artist, but it was a pleasant, interesting and certainly on a cold night like this a very comfortable and desirable place in which to be.

Perhaps it was not owing altogether to the fact that an unwonted silence had fallen upon the occupants of the sleigh. Pretty Lilian Maxey, the artist's sister, who sat beside her brother on the rear seat, had dealt a deathblow to the conversation when she ceased to take part in it. But she was not asleep, and her face, protected from view by abundant wraps and the growing obscurity, had gradually settled into an expression at once wistful, pathetic and resigned.

Maxey, whose power of observation was not wholly a matter of eyesight, had become annoyed and solicitous, but he took pains not to betray this fact.

As for philosophic, middle aged, handsome Dr. Lamar, the prime cause of the whole trouble, he was supremely unconscious of any unhappiness on the part of his friends. He sat bolt upright all by himself on the front seat, his hands busy with the reins and his attention apparently completely absorbed in scanning the road as far as he could see in front of his swift team. The truth is that Dr. Lamar had blunderingly and unwittingly touched upon a topic exceedingly disagreeable to his friends behind him when he mentioned his approaching marriage with the wealthy Widow Forsythe.

If Dr. Lamar had only known how fine and handsome he appeared in his pretty neighbor's eyes, it would have astonished him a great deal, and he would have been henceforth very much more discreet in his remarks. If pretty Ellen Maxey had imagined how well her keen and penetrating brother had guessed her secret, undoubtedly she would have dissimulated a great deal of glee and merriment in a despairing endeavor to have thrown him off the scent, for the heart beats proudly in the breast of a girl like her, and this was such a secret as she would wish might die with her.

They were all young. The doctor was the eldest, and he had barely reached 40. He was a brilliant young man who had made something of a name in the medical world by a recent remarkable publication, and whose practice was already established on a firm basis.

Julian Maxey was 28. He had painted several hundred very unsuccessful pictures. Their merit, however, was plainly recognized by his friends, by reason of which accomplishment he was called an artist. He was enabled to keep up this nonlucrative pursuit and to satisfy the craving in his soul for counterfeiting the beautiful by a comfortable annuity which he had inherited from his grandmother.

Ellen Maxey was 24. Since the death of her parents she had held the proud though exacting position of her brother's housekeeper, than which there was only one other place in the world she would have been better satisfied to occupy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The word pharaoh was not, strictly speaking, a name of an individual, but of a class or race. For ages all the Egyptian kings called themselves pharaohs, just as the Roman emperors, were each styled Augustus.

Louisville, St Louis & Texas R. R. C

NO. 22.

TIME SCHEDULE

Taking Effect

At 6:00 o'clock A. M. Sunday, Dec. 17, 189

West Bound Trains			East Bound Trains	
53 Expr's Daily	51 Mail & Expr's Daily	STATIONS	52 Mail & Expr's Daily	54 Expr's Daily
6 30pm	7 45am	lv. Un'n p't ..ar	12 45pm	8 30pm
6 45	8 00	Kentucky St.	12 30	8 15
7 25	8 40	West Point	11 50am	7 35
7 30	8 43	Howard	11 47	7 30
7 47	9 00	Roc Haven	11 32	7 14
7 55	9 07	Long Branch	11 24	7 07
8 04	9 17	Brandenburg	11 16	6 58
8 13	9 26	E ron	11 07	6 48
8 21	9 34	Guston	10 59	6 40
8 30	9 45	Irvington	10 50	6 30
8 38	9 54	Webster	10 41	6 14
8 45	10 04	Lodiburg	10 33	6 06
8 55	10 14	Pierce	10 25	5 57
9 00	10 20	Semple	10 20	5 52
9 09	10 28	Stephensport	10 11	5 45
9 14	10 33	Addison	10 06	5 40
9 17	10 36	Holt	10 03	5 36
9 28	10 50	Cloverport	9 48	5 24
9 31	10 53	Shops	9 45	5 21
9 43	11 05	St Iman	9 33	5 09
9 54	11 16	Hawesville	9 22	4 59
10 02	11 24	Petrie	9 14	4 51
10 07	11 30	Falcon	9 08	4 45
10 12	11 34	Cayce	9 04	4 42
10 18	11 40	Lewisport	8 58	4 36
10 35	11 58am	Powers	8 40	4 20
10 48	12 12pm	Pates	8 25	4 08
10 58	12 22	Owensboro	8 15	4 00
11 09	12 33	Mattingly	8 02	3 47
11 14	12 38	Griffith	7 54	3 41
11 19	12 42	Stanley	7 51	3 37
11 25	12 50	Worthington	7 43	3 30
11 33	12 57	Reads	7 35	3 23
11 45	1 08	Spottsville	7 27	3 16
11 53pm	1 14	Bas etts	7 19	3 10
12 10am	1 30pm	ar. Henders'n lv	7 05am	2 55pm

Louisville, Hadinsburg & Western R. R.

No. 3 TIME TABLE.

TAKING EFFECT JULY 29, 1891.

West Bound Trains			East Bound Trains
Daily ex Sun. No. 5	Daily ex Sun. No. 1	STATIONS.	Daily ex Sun No. 2	Daily ex Sun No. 6
	11 00am	Lv Irvington Ar	9 30am	
	11 40	Garfield	8 20	
	11 55am	Harned	8 00	
	12 12	Hardinsburg	7 40	
	12 48	Kirk	7 10	
	1 09	Jolly	7 00	
	1 18	Glendeane	6 40	
	1 25	Dempster	6 30	
	1 45	ar Falls of Rough lv	6 10	
	2 20	Rockvale	5 37	
	2 32	Ruth	5 26	
	2 44	Askins	5 18	
	2 59	Oaks	5 00	
	3 30pm	Ar Fordsville Lv	4 45am	

Ibsen and Tolstoi.

Blumenthal, the great theater manager of Berlin, was once talking with Tolstoi about Ibsen and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?" "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself," Tolstoi replied. "He just writes them and then sits down and waits. After awhile his expounders and explainers come and tell him what he meant."—San Francisco Argonaut.